

Inside the Inferno

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Category: Hobbit, How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure, Fantasy

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Smaug

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-02-22 17:22:17

Updated: 2014-02-22 17:22:17

Packaged: 2016-04-26 17:52:26

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,036

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: How to train your dragon crossed with the hobbit. Hiccup is roped into an adventure with 13 dwarves. He is chosen especially because of his gift with dragons. However even Hiccup is not ready when he meets the wicked serpent Smaug, and has to think fast to stay alive. (Conversation between Hiccup and Smaug)

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Part 1

How to train your dragon crossed with the hobbit.

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\_Author's notes.\_

\_This is just a short story of Hiccup meeting Smaug. I thought it would be a fun scene to write and I love both these movies and books. So here is what I imagine would be their conversation. This is older Hiccup as well because I don't think Thorin would take a Fifteen-year-old kid along. I hope you enjoy and if you want I can do some more with this universe. Please tell me what you think; I love reading your comments.\_

Darkness. That was all the mountain had known for over 100 years. It had once been a mighty home. Ruled by a king of carved stone and his dwarven people. The land was rich and the gold flowed freely over the river. But then came the darkness and the dragon. A hurricane of wind and fire; the terror of Smaug, the fearsome fire-drake blazed through the land of men, burning the dwarves out of their home and reducing

the town of Dale, that lay just beyond the Mountains gate's, to an ashen grave yard of bones and dust. The dragon had settled in and the darkness had begun. Now the monster sleeps in the mountain main hall, mounding the golden treasure into a bed of riches, and sleeps on, his mind ever alert though, for the day the sons of Durin return, and try to steel back their homeland.

The darkness deepened more, curling its hands around the small polls of light that shot through cracks in walls. It stopped them up and extended the mountains misery. The night was always in this foul place, and no merriment or laughter rang through the carved stone anymore. Nothing had moved in the dwarven castle for years, and the lonely mountain had resigned to remain deserted for the rest of its existence. Until one day, the day the story begins, a clicking noise startled the mountain from its sulking, the thump click thump click of moving metal. Something was stirring in the back of the mountain passageways, and it was steadily coming closer and closer to the dragon's den.

A young boy of around nineteen was winding his way carefully through the carved out stone, a much older far shorter man padding along behind him. The clicking noise was coming from the boy's left foot, which had been replaced by a metal prosthetic. The thumping was the other man's much heavier footfall, as he followed the boy's head of the teenage boy. The pair reached a turn in the stone hallway, a glow of reflected gold dancing off the rock like fire, and causing the white haired dwarf, for that is what he was, to grab the boy by the arm and bring him to a halt.

"That is the Grate hall lad." The man whispered, his pull on the boy's arm forcing him to bend downward so his face was at the same level as the elder. "And I've been instructed not to follow you past that part." The boy's eyes blinked in surprise but then frosted over in an ice lock fear. He glanced over to the next room quickly; dread winding its way up his neck and crawling into his brain. "You know what's past this point." The elder continued drawing the boy's gaze again.

"Yes." Was the nervous whisper.

"And you know that you don't have to go, there's no shame in backing out now." The boy smiled at this, and the man let go of his arm.  
"I'm afraid Balin." The lad whispered. "But I said I would do this, so I had better get to it. No one else in your company has any experience with dragons the way I do. Besides." The boy continued, "I'm a Viking, it's an occupational hazard." The dwarf gave a soft chuckle at this, his eyes twinkling.

"I will never understand it. The stubbornness of Vikings." The boy chuckled at this too as he straightened up.

"Believe me, I spent the better part of my life trying to figure that out myself." The two however grew anxious again as Balin surveyed the young Viking.

"You really think you can train that dragon lad?" Balin asked, his face laced with concern for the boy's well being. The Viking's smile wilted at this, his own mind filling with doubt as well. It felt very much like water being poured into his head and he was drowning in his own anxiety. But then he breathed in and out deeply, and the water lessened, if only slightly.

"The Red Death was twice the size of Smaug . . . I think. So I can try to train him but if I can't Toothless is waiting just up on the doorstep. He'll come to my side and I'm sure can think of something."

"We'll be up there to." Balin reassured, reaching up to place a hand on the boy's shoulder. "So we can all think of something." The dwarf gave the boy a small squeeze before letting him go and taking a few steps back. "Good luck in their land." Balin whispered. "And remember, if you need help—"

"Just call." The boy finished, giving the retreating dwarf a small smile. Balin rounded the corner and the Viking was all alone in the heart of the Mountain, a red-hot dragon sleeping not fifty paces off.

Breathing heavily the boy rolled his shoulder, the leather armor feeling tight and hot in the building inferno. He took one step towards the glowing golden light, and then another and another. Heat was building in the hall and with the heat the boy's chest grew tighter and tighter. Five paces away. \_I hope Toothless can hear me from down here.\_ Four paces away. \_Gods it's getting hot, hope the gold won't burn through my boot, \_Three paces away.\_ Astrid's probably sitting alone in the main hall, wish I was with her right now. \_Two paces away. \_Hope dad's not beating himself up about letting me go on this quest in the first place. \_At the last step from turning the hall the boy stopped, his chest rising and falling as he sucked in the hot air, the humidity building so his auburn bangs started sticking to his forehead. Going on from there, was probably the bravest thing the boy ever did. Grabbing the wall he pressed his lean body up against the hot rock, blood rushing through his ears and bringing a pink to his cheeks.

"Okay." The boy whispered. "Okay." He licked his lips once and took the last step to the corner of the hall. His back still pressed up against the uneven stone the boy took one last second to collect himself before he rounded the corner. \_Astrid.\_ He thought, the heat from the stone starting to aggravate his skin. \_What was the last thing I said to Astrid before I left?\_ But the boy couldn't remember, so much had happened between then and now that his memory was all filled up. Shaking his head once and turning so his chest was facing the wall instead of his back. "Time to do something stupid. Again."

Green eyes poked out from behind the corner leading up to the secret door. They blinked once and darted from wall to wall of the grate stone hall. The Viking boy could see very little from his spot, there was a ledge blocking most of his view, and the darkness that clung to his vision like wet cloth does to flesh did not help much either. However, a glow was burning just below the platform of marble that hampered his view.

"Dragon." The boy whispered.

Bracing himself for the inevitable the Viking pushed off from the wall, and rounded the corner into the inferno.

The boy walked slowly up to the edge of the marble platform, his footsteps making a remarkable amount of noise in the dead silence of the hall. But his worry of being discovered before he intended

dropped away as he peered over the cliff of stone, and beheld the ocean of gold below. The wealth stretched out for miles; grate heaps of it. Piled so high in places that it vanished from sight. Rocks of immeasurable worth glimmered from silver platters. Coins of every shape and size lay like sand at the boy's feet. There was hundreds upon thousands of pounds of treasure in hear, and one big problem blocking there way from it. The green eyes scanned the room, for a large silhouette, but nothing of Smaug the terrible could be seen.

Frowning the boy padded quickly down the small staircase leading to the golden trove. He stumbled slightly as he hit the bottom\*\*;\*\* his prosthetic slipped on an emerald the size of his fist. As hard as he tried he could not help letting out a small shout of surprise, his hand shooting out to grabbed the wall to steady himself. Wincing the boy looked around the hall, but his frantic hart beet was the only thing that he could hear. Licking his lips once the boy pressed on.

As he stepped on the gold, it would make a horrible crunching noise, witch echoed around the still air. It sounded like ice cracking on a pond, witch made the Viking boy feel like he was about to fall through to his death. Every footfall there was the very good chance that he was stabbing a sleeping dragon in the eye, witch would make him very cross indeed. And by the sound of the horror stories the dwarves told him, Smaug was terrible enough on his own.

He crunched his way to about the middle of the hall, trying to keep his eyes from wandering. Treasure was treacherous, and this much of it was down right dangerous. But every once and a wile the boy's eyes would stray. He would spot a golden plate, or a diamond-studded helmet, and his fingers would reach out on there own accord. "No." He muttered, as the Viking pulled himself away from a pair of ruby encrusted throwing knives. Focus on the dragon, think about the dragon, stop looking down you stupid boy." The lad muttered to himself as he came to a particularly large pile of golden wealth. "I don't know how the dwarves think there gonna get all this gold out of hear." The boy puzzled, his hand pushing back his sweaty bangs from his eyes. "It will take about five years to count it all, let alone move it." Sighing the lad put his hands on his hips and squinted around the hall again. "Only I would lose a dragon so big it can start a hurricane with his wings."

Muttering in annoyance the boy turned to glance at the pile of coins. But it was then that he spotted a glint of silver chain mail. "Mithril." The boy whispered, his eyes growing as large as the coins at his feet. He had herd about it from the elves. A metal so light that it could be worn under a shirt without even the wearer noticing, and so strong that a cave troll could not dent it. \_There is little of it above ground, and it is so deep under ground that even the Orcs dare not delve for it,\_ One elf said. This time his fingers stretchedout without restraint. The craftsmanship must be amazing, and the detail would be breathtaking to look at. The small hands of the Viking boy closed around the metal, and it was then that he noticed how hot it was. Eyes crinkling, he gently lifted the small mail shirt from the pile of gold, his fingertips growing red and irritated as he held on to the white mettle. Finally it was out from its golden grave, shining innocently up at the Viking. The boy crouched down to gaze at the finely spun mettle, the shirt cooling as it was lifted up from the hot pile. The Viking was just marveling at

the purl beaded around the caller when a horrible sound came to his ears. The sound of shifting gold. Dropping the shirt in his fright the boy looked up to see the small dent he had made in the pile begin filling with a waterfall of falling coins. His eyes widening with the realization of his mistake the shirt fell from his lap as the boy scrambled to his feet. But as the gold shifted below him, more movement was made above him. Treasure was cascading down at an alarming rate, but this time it was not the Vikings fault. Something was moving under the gold. Something larger then anything anyone could imagine; except the Viking boy. He had seen something this large before, it had bin the spawn of wicked wrath, and filled men's heads with anger. However, the thing that was shifting in his sleep was not like the Dragon the lad had met when he was fifteen. This was greed showing his ugly head. Bright red scales gleamed as the coins bounced off the Dragons body. Only a bit of the face was showing, a closed lid and a nostril, but it was enough to cause the boy to press a hand over his mouth from screaming. He was about to run and hide, but he stopped himself. Train a dragon, that's what he was hear for, and that's what he promised the party he'd do. Rolling his shoulders in a nervous twitch the boy grit his teeth and walked up to the pile of gold. Looking around the green eyes spotted a silver horn, with sapphires crusting the handle. Picking it up with shaking hands the Viking raised it to his lips. \_I hope the last thing I said to Astrid was something good.\_ The lad thought as he gathered air in his lungs.\_ I would really hate it if it were something like don't forget to water my flowers for me. Bruuuuum! The horn cut through the silence like a knife, startling even the boy with how loud the sound was. But then an even louder noise shot through the hall, the sound of a growling dragon. Swallowing a lump in his throat the boy dropped the horn and stood back, coins and diamonds skidding past his feet as the dragon unfurled his wings and shifted his head. The wing that he raised out of the gold looked like a watch out tower as it stretched ever onwards, nearly being swallowed by the darkness of the ceiling. The rest of the dragon followed the wings next. Coins were pelting the boy like rocks now as the dragon slowly rose out of the mass of greed at his feet, flinging golden nuggets off his back like pesky flies. Smaug the dragon was awake, and very angry. His eyes were livid with fire as he stared around the room, looking for the thing that had woken him. He faltered as a curious smell came to his attention. It was baffling, an odd cocktail of Human, Dwarf and Dragon. But then he found it, the small insignificant nuisance of a human boy, gazing up at him with fear and curiosity.

"Oh you simply won't do." Smaug the dragon growled, his deep voice shaking the diamonds at the Vikings feet. "I have bin asleep for one hundred years, and you." The dragon sneered, dropping his head so the boy was gazing horror struck at his own trembling reflection in the dragon's massive yellow eye. "You would not fill me up in the slightest."

The Viking boy was backing up from Smaug's giant head, his prosthetic slipping on loose coins as he did so. Nothing is more frightening then a dragon's eye, especially when it's glaring hungrily at you. "Oh I wouldn't do that." Smaug chuckled, watching the boy trip and fall over a giant slab of uncut silver, "You would not get farin a place like this, and-" The dragon snaked his tail behind the boy so his body was blocking all exits. "You would not wont to test my nerves right now."

Panting the lad stood up, his hart ready to abandon ship. "You can

talk?" The boy stammered, his gaze still caught with the dragons. A deep chuckle crashed down on the Vikings ears, witch made him shake even more.

>"Yes boy, I can talk, something I'm sure you Vikings are not use to."<br>The boy's eyes widened even further, but he stopped shaking. If it could talk then maybe he could be reasoned with, so maybe he could be trained too.

"How did you know I was a Viking?" The lad asked.

"You have the stench of the sea on you, and the even larger stench of dwarven blood staining your veins."

"Dwarves?" The boy began, his eyes crinkling in confusion. "But I'm not-"

"I know you're not a dwarf!" Smaug bellowed, his voice raising to a roared and causing the boy to press his hands over his ears in order to protect his eardrums from blowing out. "Do you think I can not detect the rancid smell of human on you?" Smaug thundered again, advancing at the boy so fast that he sent treasure flying from under his scaled feet. The Viking bolted to the right, evading the tail and ducked behind a large pile of rubies. "Do you not think I can smell the years of the archipelago in your filthy flesh!" Smaug continued now scanning the golden strewn floor for the bright gleam of copper hair that was his pray. "You hold blood in your pathetically small human body of dwarven families. You Viking filth are nothing more then half breeds, half dwarf half man flesh." The boy was panting as he peeked out from his hiding spot, his mind filling up with water again as the dragon slithered out of sight. "I know you have bin hired by that miserable maggot of a king Oakenshield! You are here to steal my treasure but hear me out boy! I will not part with one silver fasten of it!" Gulping down air the copper hair of the Viking popped up from his hiding spot. Thinking was very difficult right now but was the only thing he had to save his life.

"But!" The boy cried, "Don't you want to know what that third smell is!" A sudden gold coin landed on his shoulder and the lad glanced up to see the face of Smaug smiling down at him.

>"Oh you are a clever supper, I did detect something on your jacket, but first before we delve into that I think we should discuss names."<p>

"Names?" The boy asked anxiously, standing up again and backing away slowly from the oncoming dragon.

"Yes names, I want to know how much of me you can dream up, and you seem more interesting then the normal mouthfuls. So I am curious to know your title?" The boy faltered for a moment, but then drew himself up to his full height and balled his hands into fists to stop them from shaking.

"My name is Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the third, and I'm a Viking from Berk." Hiccup said with as much sternness as he could, witch only seemed to amuse the dragon further. \*\*

><strong>"Well, well Hiccup." The dragon smiled, finally managing to back the Viking into a pillar. "That's an awfully long title you have there, mine is much simpler."

Hiccup was breathing heavily, his hands pressed against the pillar

behind his back as the dragon's head drew in closer to him. \_Okay Haddock, how are you going to deal with a talking dragon? \_Smaug's head was so close to him now that his hot breath was blowing the bangs off his sweaty forehead. \_Dragons are vain, Dragons are grudging, Dragons take themselves seriously. \_A chuckling came from above him; Smaug was curling his body around the pillar so Hiccup would not run away again. "Are you having trouble remembering me?" Smaug growled, a red glow building in his chest.

"No!" Hiccup shouted, causing Smaug to falter. "Y-Your Smaug the stupendous, greatest firedrake from the north." Smaug lip curled and he tightening his tail around the pillar, the long scaly tendril rapping its way up the boys legs. Hiccups eyes widened but he did not struggle, he new that would only excite the dragon further.

"You humans are all the same." The dragon purred, his grip tightening. "You think fancy words, and pretty complements will lessen the anger in a dragons hart but you are wrong. We dragons have no hart to praise, no sole to sing about." Hiccups neck was prickling with anxiety and sweat was beading along his brow. The dragon's tail that was slowly curling around his hips was as hot as beaten metal, and if it were not for his leather armor, he would be screaming with pain. Smaug watched the colour drain from the tiny humans face, the enjoyment he was feeling curling his features into a treacherous grin. Hiccups green eyes snapped onto that smile, and he realized something, this dragon was smaller then the Red Death. It was also younger too, the crimson scales bore more of a shine then the Deaths, and more importantly Smaug possessed a childish enjoyment in new things. And then it clicked. Hiccup was new; Hiccup was interesting. The strangeness of his appearance and his smell was the only reason that he was still alive. And that was how he was going to train Smaug, or at least attempt to.

"All though." The Viking said slowly, giving Smaug the terrible a smirk of his own. "You aren't the biggest dragon I have ever seen." At this Smaug's tail tightened its grip, causing Hiccup to gasp. The Dragon turned his head so a grate yellow eye was staring at the copper haired boy, and a low growl began, causing the coins at Hiccups feet to start vibrating.

"What." Smaug hissed, blowing Hiccups hair back with one angry breath.

"I've met a dragon twice the size of you." Hiccup croaked back, the tail now so far up his body that it was turning his head in the red dragons direction, so Smaug could see him better.

"No you haven't. There is nothing bigger then me. I am the largest firedrake that has ever lived. Grater then anything you small Vikings call dragons."

"It was named the Red Death." Hiccup continued, ignoring the thick tail now latched onto his body like a python. "It was Queen of the dragons in the archipelago, and ruled over all other dragons till I killed it."

"Killed it?" Smaug laughed. The roar of disbelief and cruel mirth boomed through the hall, causing hiccup to grit his teeth in pain, his ears ringing. "You are the smallest Viking I have ever seen. You are nothing more then a lamb in a bear's armor. You have no sword

about you, no blood has ever stained your hands." Smaug pulled in closer again, his laughing over. "You are a liar."

Hiccup frowned, glaring into the yellow eye of a very powerful dragon, his courage was swallowing his sense of self-preservation, he had Smaug.

"You claim to be the greatest firedrake in middle earth. You say that you're a god amongst dragons, so tell me Smaug the oh so stupendous, what is the third smell that clings to my filthy human flesh?" Smaug glared back at the boy, his anger boiling into his chest. The drake wanted nothing more then to roast the brat alive, or swallow the child in one bight. But he couldn't, because there was a third smell perfumed against the copper haired boys blood. Underneath the man flesh and underneath the dwarf was a distinctive odor he new all too well.

"Dragon." Smaug hissed, causing the cursed Viking boy to smile wickedly.

End  
file.